

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, March 14. 1710.

I Am very sorry this Affair of the *High-Church* holds us so long, and really I think, it gives the Nation more Trouble than there is Occasion for; I have avoided meddling with it as much as possible, but the Party are every Day pushing us to a Necessity of exposing them: To hear the *Dollar*, in what some call *Oratory*, (and which others say was borrow'd too) address himself with an Assurance peculiar to the Party, and in an Assembly so solemn as that of the *Peers of Britain*, calling God to Witness to such an Absurdity, assert and protest that he meant nothing against the Revolution, nothing against the Toleration, nothing against the *Queen, &c.* What can be said in so horrid a Case?

I am loth to say of these Things, what really they extort almost from any Body; *But I crave leave to tell you a Story.* There was a certain Person, in a Place well known, for the Story can be prov'd, prosecuted for Blasphemy, which in a Neighbouring Country, you may note, is punish'd with Death. *'Twould make sad Work with us, by the way, if it were so here*— This horrid Wretch had ridicul'd the Being of a God, made *Balads* on the Trinity, and the Incarnation of Our Blessed Redeemer was his common jest.— When he came to be try'd, he made a tedious Defence, profess'd to deny it all, made long Speeches on the Attributes of God, recogniz'd the Trinity, and own'd the Redemption of the World by a Mediator—

zor—And in Answer to all the Charge brought against him as above, he said, they admitted of a quite *different Construction*; That he never meant any thing against the Honour or Being of God, or the Satisfaction of a Saviour—But only against the wrong Conceptions ignorant People had entertain'd of these Things; and in this Kind of Vindication he spent great Flourishes of Eloquence, and spoke the most moving Things in the World; he openly worshipp'd and ador'd God the Father, pray'd to the Blessed Trinity, and passionately invoc'd the Lord Jesus as God and Mediator; till he mov'd the Auditory to Compassion, and made not the Women only, but many of the Men that heard him, to weep.

But the Judges who were to pass upon him, and who saw through all the Hypocrite Out-side of his flourishing Behaviour, *what think you they did with him?* They condemn'd him to be burnt as a horrid Blasphemer, and a harden'd Dissembler. Sentence being pass'd, and when he had run the subtle Part *its full Length*, and found there was no Remedy, but he must die—As he was leading out to the Place of Execution, he threw off the Mask, and burst out in the most horrid Blasphemies and most impious Gestures at the Majesty of God, and the Redemption of a Mediator; such as my Pen cannot describe—And in that Manner he dy'd.

I shall make no Applications—The Story is too much a Parallel—Let Men tell us what they will of their Intention, and their Zeal for the Revolution, and at the same time can talk as has been talk'd at St. Paul's; I can see nothing but Cant and Counterfeits in it—Let others judge for themselves—To tell us that the Revolution and Non-Resistance can be reconcil'd, is a Mystery no Body ever heard of before—To say, when King William renounc'd Conquest, he renounc'd *Resistance*, tho' he landed upon his Father's Dominions with 14,000 Men at his Heels; these are such canting, prevaricating Things, never heard of before: Pray, Gentlemen, will you hear the Q's Water man taken in the late Mob plead a little, to this Purpose—The Fellow, *they say*, was seen among the Rabble hallooing, huzzaing,

damning the Bishops and the Court Lords, cursing both GOD's Ministers and the Queen's, mobbing the Meeting-Houses, burning the Pews, Pulpits, Psalm-Books, Bibles, &c. Well, you take him, you prosecute him, now hear what he says, or at least what his Master, the Doctor, teaches him to say. *MY LORDS*, I am, tho' the meanest and unworshipp'd of that Rank, One of her Majesty's *MENIAL SERVANTS*, I have frequently the Honour to wait upon her Royal Person, I have the Trust of her most Valuable Life put into my Hands, being One of her Majesty's Water-men; and as your Lordships see I wear her Majesty's Cloth, and have upon me the Badge of the High Charge committed to me, and Nothing is a greater Grief to me, than to be thus long detain'd from waiting on and discharging my Duty to my Royal Mistress; FOR ME, to be charg'd with *REBELLION* and Riot, Robbery and Murder, is *APPEAL* to God Almighty that searches my Heart, I meant no Breach of the Peace—God knows my Heart, I meant not the least Injury to any Body—I call Heaven and Earth to Witness, I design'd no Riot, I have the greatest Zeal imaginable for her Majesty, and for the Toleration; I ask for from my Soul all Tumults and Rabbles—I was only willing to be merry, and to make a Bonfire with some honest Fellows, and having no Materials ready, we took down a few Pews, and Pulpits, Galleries, &c. in a Meeting-house or two; I had not the least Intention to do any Harm.

Now pray, Gentlemen, would you count it any Injustice to hang such a Fellow, with all these solemn Asseverations about his Neck? Would any Court of Justice but think themselves banter'd by the insolent Criminal, and treat him accordingly? For a Man to attest his Tenders to the Dissenters, at the same time telling us in Print, *That every Dissenter from the Church is a Traitor to the State*. For a Man to tell the Court of his Zeal for the Revolution, when he at the same time says, *Resistance of the Supreme Power is utterly illegal on any Pretence whatsoever*. If these Juggles will go down with so awful an Assembly, if the House of Lords can be harang'd into this—Then for my part I'll begin when I please to insult Parliaments and Governments; for Inti-
peachments;

peachments, at least with me, will for ever lose all their Terror; they'll become a meer Thunder without Lightning, Powder without Bullet, a Stone without an Arm to throw it——And Non-Resistance shall for the future be transpos'd to the *House of Commons*, who shall be passively insulted by any that please to make a Jest of them.

And this brings me to speak indeed of the Nation's being insulted in these late Rabbles; for really, Gentlemen, these late Tumults have not had, in my Opinion, any right Judgment yet pass'd upon them. They have something particular in them, beyond what I have observ'd in all the Rabbles of this Age; and that in the following Cases.

1. The People this Mob was compos'd of.
2. The People it was pointed against.
3. The People it was rais'd for.
4. The People it was rais'd by.
5. The Manner of its Management.

I shall be very short in these, but must speak a Word or two about them. And, 1. Of the People that compos'd this Rabble; and truly these were evident, take it from the Publick, *Papists, Non-jurors and Enemies of her Majesty's Title and Government*. This is the Description, the Address of the Parliament and the Queen's Proclamation gives them——I desire the Age to shew me a Mob of that Composition before; That they drew in a great many blind, ignorant, and poor deluded People to act with them, is most certain; and these call for our Pity. I shall afterward examine, how the poor People were drawn in, and say something to our *English* common People, in order to open their Eyes to such Delusions as these, and if possible, prevent their being farther impos'd upon; but before I come to this, I must go through the fore-mention'd Heads, in which our late Tumult were circumstanc'd different from whatever went before it——And this I shall go on with in my next.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU have been made believe, as a great Incentive to your late Expedition against the *Non-Resisting Meeting-Houses*——That all the late Prosecution against Dr. *Sasseverell* was against her Majesty's Mind; That the QUEEN was for the *Doctor*, and so concern'd at his being put to all this Trouble, that it very much discompos'd her Majesty; and that her Majesty was so affixed with the Harangue which the *Doctor* READ at the Close of his Trial, that She wept for the honest Gentleman's Misfortunes.

Now, Gentlemen, that you may be farther confirm'd in this Opinion, in Spight of all the Endeavours of the *Presbyterians* and the *Whigs* to perswade you out of it——You are desir'd to take particular Notice of her Majesty having severely punish'd Sir *Tho. Parker*, One of the Managers of the *House of Commons*, for his barbarous Treatment of the *Doctor*, in pretending in a long Speech to shew, as he call'd it, the Impertinence and superficial Jingle of the Dr's Speech——How remote from the Purpose it was, how far from touching the Argument, or clearing the Charge, and the like.

Now, her Majesty being, as you know, heartily concern'd for this Prosecution, has testify'd her Care of the Dr's Character, in most justly punishing that forward Gentleman, having condemn'd him for his Boldness to perpetual Confinement——Being appointed to the constant Drudgery of *Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench*——A cruel and severe Sentence indeed, and which, we hope, may be a Warning to all the forward Members of the *House of Commons*, how they presume to impeach the Clergy of our *Highb-Church*——who, every Body knows, are so much in the Favour of their Royal Mistress.

These

These Things cannot but satisfy you, that her Majesty is entirely in the Interest of Dr. Sacheverell—And no Doubt, your pulling down the Meeting-houses was also most acceptable to her Majesty, as appears by her Majesty's sending down the Horse-Guards to protect you from the Fury of the Presbyterians—These, and several other like Particulars may serve to give you an Assurance of her Majesty's being on your Side; and therefore 'tis hop'd, you will not give over your laudable Attempt upon the Meeting-Houses, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Lately publish'd,

S Rhetorum de Lingua Latina Observationum Lib. i duo. Prio inscribitur Latini loquendi Normæ; b. c. aurei Latinitatis Se-moli Locutio. Posterior Barbare viti-seve loquendi Consuetudinem investigat, patefacit, emendat. Uterque in Usum Juventutis, incorruptæ Latini Sermonis Integritatis Studiose, confectus. Ductu & Cura JOANNIS KER, Londini, apud J. Robinson, J. Lawrence, C. Bateman. A. Bell, & J. Hartley, Billio-Londinenses.

A New Description of the World, delineating Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Historical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Customs, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rarities thereof. The second Edition. By H. Curson, Gent. Sold by J. Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard, in Thread-needle-street.

Cursus Equestris Nottinghamiensis. Carmen Hexametrum, Autore RICHARDO JOHNSON, Ludi Literarii ibidem Magistro, Commentariorum Grammaticorum s. r. ignore. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 6 d.

Lately Publish'd,

A New Treatise of the Venereal Disease; wherein (other Authors being refuted) its true Cause, Nature, Signs, dangerous Effects, various Ways of Receiving, Symptoms first discovering, and infallible Method of preventing its Infection, together with the best, most cheap, safe, speedy, easie, and private Methods of Cure, are set forth. By what Method and Medicines Persons injur'd by Mercury may be reliev'd, is here discover'd; as also the Cause and Cure of old Gleet in Men, and the Whites in Women. Sold (Price 1 s. 6 d.) by the Author Dr. SPINKE, at his House, the Golden Ball in the Passage between the Sun and Castle Taverns in Honey-Lane Marker, Cheapside. His Pills are 3 s. the Box, with Directions.



BARTLETT of Goodman's-Fields, whose Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Universal Esteem, being Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Migness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheapside-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.